

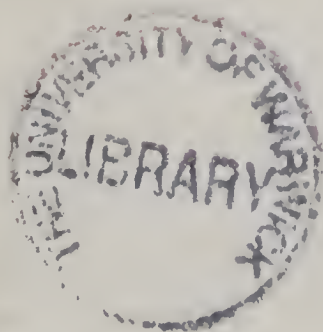
Sunday Else

are in fact

By  
S. R. Planché

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
WARWICK  
LIBRARY

*The Gift of*  
*Mrs G. F. Hall*



00244 139

No.

165

Sixpence.

LACY'S ACTING EDITION.

—o—

Somebody Else  
1 Act

—

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
THEATRICAL BOOKSELLER,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON;  
MITCHELL'S ROYAL LIBRARY, 33, OLD BOND STREET;  
BIRMINGHAM, GUEST; BRISTOL, HOLSGROVE;  
DUBLIN, WISEHEART; EDINBURGH, SUTHERLAND;  
GLASGOW, LOVE; LIVERPOOL, MEYRICK;  
OXFORD, SPIERS; WINDSOR, BROWN;  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.



# Lacy's Acting Edition of Plays, 6d. each.

Or in 11 Volumes, bound in cloth, at 7s. each.

## VOLUME 1.

1	Time Tries All. By post.	8
2	Practical Man ...	7
3	Soldier's Progress ...	8
4	Reigning Favourite ...	8
5	Swiss Cottage ...	8
6	Ladder of Love ...	8
7	Daughter ...	8
8	Two Queens ...	8
9	How do you Manage?...	8
10	Comfortable Service ...	8
11	Passing Cloud ...	8
12	Creole, or Love's Fetters	8
13	Novelty Fair ...	8
14	Philosopher's Stone ...	8
15	Diogenes and his Lan- tern ...	8

## VOLUME 2.

16	Esmeralda ...	8
17	Power and Principle ...	8
18	Out on the Loose ...	8
19	Poor Cousin Walter ...	8
20	Vicar of Wakefield ...	10
21	Domestic Economy ...	8
22	Daughter of the Stars	8
23	Woodman's Spell ...	7
24	Jack in the Green ...	7
25	Without Incumbrances	8
26	Princesses in the Tower	8
27	Platonic Attachments...	8
28	Born to Good Luck ...	8
29	My Wife's Daughter ...	8
30	Husband of my Heart	8

## VOLUME 3.

31	Serve Him Right ...	8
32	I'll be your Second ...	8
33	Harlequin Alfred the Great ...	8
34	Harlequin O'Donoghue	8
35	Prince Dorus ...	8
36	Witch of Windermere...	8
37	Taken in and Done for	8
38	Rob Roy Macgregor ...	8
39	Belphegor ...	8
40	La Tarantula ...	8
41	All that Glitters is not Gold ...	8
42	Odious Captain Cutter	7
43	Bombastes Furioso ...	7
44	The Exposition ...	8
45	The Alhambra... ...	8

## VOLUME 4.

46	Sir Roger de Coverley...	10
47	The Ladies' Battle ...	8
48	"Apartments" Visitors to the Exhibition, &c.	7
49	A Cheap Excursion ...	7
50	Woman's Love... ...	8
51	Fast Coach ...	7
52	Fire-Eater ...	8
53	Anything for a Change	8
54	Grimshaw, Bagshaw, & Bradshaw ...	8
55	Tooth-ache ...	7
56	Lady Godiva ...	8

57	Angelo ...	By post.	8
58	Mary Queen of Scots ...	8	
59	Left in a Cab ...	7	
60	The Carpenter of Rouen	8	

## VOLUME 5.

61	Pauline ...	8
62	Cool as a Cucumber ...	8
63	A Hopeless Passion ...	8
64	Game of Speculation ...	10
65	Thumping Legacy ...	8
66	Thetis and Peleus ...	8
67	The Guardian Angel ...	8
68	Two Bonnycastles ...	8
69	Counter Attractions ...	8
70	I've Eaten my Friend...	8
71	Tender Precautions ...	8
72	Harlequin Hogarth ...	8
73	Box and Cox ...	8
74	Willow-Pattern Plate...	8
75	An Organic Affection ...	8

## VOLUME 6.

76	Duel in the Dark ...	8
77	A Kiss in the Dark ...	8
78	Cherry and Fair Star ...	8
79	Corsican Brothers ...	10
80	Our Clerks ...	8
81	Matrimonial Prospec- tuses ...	8
82	El Flyder ...	8
83	Twelve Labours of Her- cules ...	8
84	Who Stole the Pocket Book? ...	8
85	Wittikind ...	8
86	Lost Husband ...	8
87	King of the Alps, ...	10
88	Ganem ...	8
89	Taking by Storm ...	8
90	Very Suspicious ...	8

## VOLUME 7.

91	Left the Stage ...	7
92	Rose of Ettrick Vale ...	8
93	Unwarrantable Intru- sion ...	8
94	Binks the Bagman ...	8
95	Miller of Whetstone ...	7
96	"Matrimonial," &c. ...	8
97	Book the Third, Chap- ter the First ...	8
98	Sink or Swim ...	8
99	Writing on the Wall ...	10
100	John Dobbs ...	8
101	Son of the Wilderness	10
102	The Drunkard ...	10
103	Diamond Cut Diamond	8
104	Gale Breezely ...	8
105	Master Passion ...	8

## VOLUME 8.

106	Prima Donna... ...	8
107	Wanted, 1000 Young Milliners ...	8
108	Macbeth Travestic ...	8
109	Critic ...	8
110	Slasher and Crasher	8
111	Not a Bad Judge ...	8

112	Woman I Adore ...	
113	Box and Cox Married and Settled...	
114	Mysterious Lady ...	
115	My Precious Betsy ...	
116	Capital Match ...	
117	House out of Window	
118	Betsy Baker ...	
119	Go to Bed Tom...	
120	Jenkinnes ...	

## VOLUME 9.

121	Phenomenon in a Sn Frock ...	
122	Harlequin Hudibras	
123	Cherry ...	
124	Loan of a Lover ...	
125	Good Woman in the Wood ...	1s.
126	Leo the Terrible ...	
127	Bold Dragons ...	
128	'Twas I ...	
129	Where there's a Wil there's a Way ...	
130	Gilderoy ...	
131	Your Life's in Danger	
132	Macbeth (Princess's)	
133	The Violet ...	
134	Louis XI. ...	
135	To Paris & Back for #	

## VOLUME 10.

136	Obstinate Family ...	
137	Civilization ...	1s.
138	Marco Spada ...	
139	A Strange History ...	
140	Raffaella the Reproba	
141	Buckstone's Ascent o Mount Parnassus	
142	Stage Struck ...	
143	Elovements in High Life ...	1s.
144	A Desperate Game ...	
145	Uncle Crotchet ...	
146	Ladies at Home ...	
147	Hamlet Travestic ...	
148	A. S. S. ...	
149	A Fast Train ...	
150	Maid with Milking Pa	

## VOLUME 11.

151	Trying it on ...	
152	Gold ...	
153	The Mob Cap ...	
154	The Lawyers ...	
155	Sardanapalus ...	1s.
156	Rappings and Table Movings ...	
157	A Handsome Husban	
158	The Times ...	
159	Shylock ...	
160	P. P., or the Man and the Tiger ...	
161	Going to Chobham ...	
162	Acis and Galatea ...	
163	My First Fit of the Gou	
164	Locked in with a Lady	
165	Somebody Else ...	

One pound weight of the above by post for sixpence.

*Chas. H. Jones*

# SOMEBODY ELSE.

A Farce.

IN ONE ACT.

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ,

AUTHOR OF

*Not a Bad Judge; The Jenkinses; Mysterious Lady; Follies of a  
Night; A Cabinet Question; Captain of the Watch; Spring  
Gardens; The Jacobite; Grist to the Mill;  
&c.. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

*Anna D. Howe*

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.*

---

### Characters.

ERNEST WALDBURG ..... MR. HOWE.

HANS MORITZ..... MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

✧ HERR FLITTERMAN ..... MR. BRINDAL.

✧ LOUISE WALDBURG ..... MISS LEE.

MINNIE ..... MADAME VESTRIS.

~~~~~  
SCENE.—*A Wheelwright's Shop on the Borders of the  
Black Forest.*  
~~~~~

### Costumes.

MORITZ.—Long plain frock coat without collar, breeches, handsome German braces over shirt, broad-brimmed hat.

ERNEST.—Modern travelling suit.

FLITTERMAN.—Gentleman's suit, a little *outré*.

LOUISE.—Neat white dress.

MINNIE.—Characteristic costume of a young German peasant.



## SOMEBODY ELSE.



SCENE.—A Wheelwright's Shop, in a German Village.—Tools—a bench—spokes, tires, wood, &c., lying about.

LOUISE discovered drawing at table, R. C. Enter FLITTERMAN, C. from L., cautiously, and unseen by LOUISE.

FLIT. (*aside*) Thanks to my lucky stars! I have at last caught one of them alone; now to solve the mystery. (*advancing*)

LOUISE. (*perceiving him and rising hastily*) Ah! again this stranger. (*aside*)

FLIT. Your pardon, ma'amselle. Don't be alarmed, I beg; I am not in the habit of frightening the fair sex, and certainly should not select for that purpose one of the fairest.

LOUISE. You wish to speak with Moritz, I suppose, sir. He is out at present, and therefore if you will be so good as——

FLIT. (*going to seat himself*) You are very kind.

LOUISE. To call again in half-an-hour or so.

FLIT. Oh, don't mention it, I can wait. Let me beg you won't disturb yourself, pray continue to—(*approaching and looking over her drawing*)—Bless me! why I declare here are the eyes, nose, and mouth of some happy individual. You are an artist, ma'amselle.

LOUISE. Indeed, I have no pretension, sir. I but draw a little, and very badly.

FLIT. Not at all—not at all; on the contrary, permit me—I am a connoisseur, and I pronounce—(*aside*)—oh, there can be no doubt—an educated girl—in a country wheelwright's shop! It must be she, unless the other draws as well, in which case certainly——

LOUISE. (*aside*) What an intrusive, tiresome person! (*aloud*) Sir, I must request——

FLIT. Any request of yours must be a command to me. I say that, because I have a reason for it; besides, we are becoming old acquaintances; I have been in this village three days—thanks to the wheel of my cabriolet, which broke just as I arrived here; and again yesterday, notwithstanding the skill of our friend Moritz, who flattered himself he had mended it capitally.

LOUISE. And so he had, sir. He says some one must have broken it on purpose the second time.

FLIT. (*aside*) He's quite right—I did it myself. (*aloud*) Well,

so much the better for him, as he'll be paid twice—and so much the better for me, for it has afforded me the pleasure of looking in here, very often, and at last of finding you alone.

LOUISE. Sir!

FLIT. Don't be alarmed; I say at last, because it is a remarkable fact, that till this morning, I never saw you except in company with another young female, who appeared to be equally at home here, and I am anxious to ascertain which of you is named Louise.

LOUISE. Sir, I am at a loss to comprehend——

FLIT. Of course you are; but you are Louise—I am sure you are—you don't deny it; I would have wagered anything I was right, and this young Moritz, with whom you reside, is no relation I believe?

LOUISE. What can that signify to you, sir?

FLIT. Much—much—I can assure you. I have a reason for asking the question, and—— (*MORITZ sings without*)

LOUISE. Then here comes one who will answer you.

FLIT. Moritz! No, no—it doesn't signify—not a word to him on the subject.

*Enter MORITZ, c. from l.*

MORITZ. (*singing*) Tra la, la, la, la, la, la—— (*stops short on seeing FLITTERMAN*) Hollo! he here again! why, confound him. I've only to go out for five minutes to be sure a finding him about the doors when I come back.

LOUISE. (r.) Moritz, I'm glad you've returned. This gentleman wishes to know——

FLIT. What I am indebted to you, my good friend, I came expressly—— (*making signs to LOUISE*)

MORITZ. (c., *aside*) I'll be hanged if he isn't making signs to her.

FLIT. You've made a capital job of it this time, and if you'll let me know what I have to pay——

MORITZ. Nothing.

FLIT. (l.) Nothing!

MORITZ. You paid me once—that's enough. The wheel broke again in the same place, and it might be my fault, though I don't believe it. No matter—I can't prove to the contrary, and so I must suffer.

FLIT. Oh, but I can't suffer——

MORITZ. But you must. Nobody shall ever say they paid Hans Moritz twice for the same job; but I'm very sorry for the second breakage, whatever caused it—because—but for that, you'd have been a long way off by this morning; so I think you had better be jogging, and make up for lost time.

FLIT. You're very kind; but I've no particular business——

MORITZ. But I have; so you'll excuse me, if I wish you a pleasant journey. (*goes up r. and takes off his hat and coat*)

FLIT. Oh, certainly; I wouldn't intrude for the world. Good morning, friend. Ma'amselle, I wish you all felicity——(*aside to her*)—— till we meet again.

*Exit FLITTERMAN, c. and l.*

MORITZ. (r.) Eh? what did he say? He whispered something to you.



LOUISE. Never mind, Moritz, it was some nonsense—I scarcely heard what.

MORITZ. Oh, but I did—something about “meet again.” I’d advise him to let me catch him “meeting you again”—that is, without you wished it yourself.

LOUISE. Me! You can’t suppose, Moritz—

MORITZ. No, of course I don’t; but what had he been talking about before I came?

LOUISE. Oh, asking me a parcel of impertinent questions. What was my name?—were you a relation?—and pretending to have some particular object.

MORITZ. I’ll make a particular object of him, if he pokes his impudent nose in here again, I promise him. Confound the puppy! he’s put me out of temper, when I was in the very best in the world.

LOUISE. Aye, so you seemed; for you came in singing, and looking so pleased.

MORITZ. Well, and in spite of him, I’ll look pleased again; and sing—and dance—and—eh? Gad, I don’t know what I won’t do.

LOUISE. Why, my dear Moritz, what has come to you?

MORITZ. What has come to me? Why, a letter!

LOUISE. A letter! From whom?

MORITZ. Guess.

LOUISE. No, I can’t guess; I hate guessing, you know I do; and you do it to tease me.

MORITZ. To tease you! I do anything to tease you! Oh, Ma’m’selle Louise, when did I ever—

LOUISE. Then tell me who the letter is from, for I’m dying to know.

MORITZ. Why, I thought, of course, you’d say from Ernest at once.

LOUISE. From my brother? Oh, Moritz, where does he write from?

MORITZ. From Hamburgh. He’s returned—landed from America ten days ago.

LOUISE. Oh, my dear brother! Returned! we shall see him—

MORITZ. This very day; he was to reach Strasburg last night, and may therefore be here in an hour.

LOUISE. Oh, I shall go wild with joy! My dear, dear brother! how I long to see what he is like; for I have scarcely any recollection of him—he’s been away twelve years, and I was quite a little girl when he left.

MORITZ. Yes, just turned seven; I think I see you now, as he led you by the hand to me, twelve years ago, and said, “My dear Moritz, business calls me to New York—I may be away for twelve months, perhaps longer—I cannot take this child with me, and I don’t like leaving her to the care of strangers—do you think your mother would be troubled with her for so long a time?” “Troubled! she’ll be delighted,” said I, “Little Louise has been always a great favorite with her; and as you and I have lived like brothers from childhood, I look upon your sister as my own, and, take my word, she shall be treated as such.”

LOUISE. Dear Moritz! and you have kept your word nobly; for little did any of us then think that instead of twelve months he would be absent as many years; that your poor mother would die, and that I should be left a burthen upon your hands.

MORITZ. A burthen! No, you never were that, Ma'amselle Louise, but a great anxiety to me, I acknowledge; for somehow, it was very awkward you see, when you came to be fifteen—sixteen—seventeen—a fine young woman in short—and I, a single man, not so many years older than yourself, I might have fallen in love with you, you know—it wasn't at all impossible—and there'd a been a pretty business; but you'll do me justice, Ma'amselle Louise, you'll bear witness for me to your brother, that I never presumed to dream of such a thing; that I have treated you as I promised him—exactly as a sister; and that sooner than I would have entertained any other kind of affection for you, I'd have—my stars! I don't know what I wouldn't have done.

LOUISE. Well, well, Moritz, nobody accuses you of it.

MORITZ. Perhaps not, but they might, and I say again such a misfortune might have occurred to me; and when I see you, almost daily, getting prettier and prettier, and found from your brother's letters there was no chance of his coming back for some very long time, I began to think very seriously on the matter, and one day I said to myself, "Moritz, my fine fellow, this is all very well, you're an honest man I admit, and you would sooner die than break your word with anybody—but human nature is human nature—and, to put it out of your power to fall in love with Ma'amselle Louise, the right thing to do is to fall in love with somebody else—look out for a good wife directly, Moritz—marry, my boy, marry!"—says I to myself, and very sensible advice I'm convinced it was, too; so I just looked round and—pop! and there was my cousin Minnie—an orphan like myself, who has no money, no friends, and therefore looks to me for everything, and a fine young woman, a very fine young woman! Faith; I made short work of it—the whole matter was settled in five minutes, and next week, or the week after, Minnie will be Madame Moritz.

—Enter MINNIE, c. from R.

MINNIE. Will she? then you must pay a little more attention to her than you do at present. Do you know that this is the first time I've set my eyes on you to-day, sir?

MORITZ. I went out very early, and I've been very busy ever since.

MINNIE. (c.) Oh, very busy—chattering to Louise.

MORITZ. Well, it was most particular business, wasn't it Louise? that we were talking about. Ernest is coming home—will be here to-day.

MINNIE. Your brother, Louise? Oh dear, how glad I am. I'm quite curious to see him—I've heard Moritz and you talk so much about him.

MORITZ. Curious? yes, I've no doubt; you are always curious.

MINNIE. Hold your tongue, Moritz, I'm talking to Louise. Won't your brother be delighted too, to see his sister grown up such a



sweet pretty young woman—and to find she's been taught to read and write, and paint pictures, and sing and play on the guitar, and all manner of fine things, fit for a lady, without its costing him a brass button.

MORITZ. Hold your tongue, Minnie—what business is that of yours.

LOUISE. Pray let her alone, Moritz, I like to hear of the obligations I am under to you.

MINNIE. To be sure—what a fool the man is; isn't it a feather in his cap to have done all this for one who was no relation to him? If it had been me, it wouldn't have been worth mentioning; but I say it again and again, it was a very handsome thing to do, and I know you're grateful to him for it, Louise, because you're a good-hearted girl: and so ought your brother to be.

LOUISE. And so he will be!

MORITZ. Minnie! If you don't hold your tongue, we shall quarrel in downright earnest, and so I tell you now! and unless you promise me faithfully not to open your lips on this subject, you shan't see Ernest when he comes.

MINNIE. Shan't I! I should like to see who'll hinder me. Not you, Mr. Crosspatch, I know—indeed I will see him, and have fine fun with him too, if he likes fun—I love it! Do you know, Louise, I half suspect that Moritz is jealous.

MORITZ. Jealous!

MINNIE. Yes, jealous! There was only yesterday when that stranger came about his broken wheel, Moritz was in a downright fever, forsooth; because the man kept looking at me whilst he talked to him, though I purposely kept my back to the fellow and chattered to you all the time. Oh, I'd advise you to be jealous, my friend—I'll lead you such a life.

MORITZ. I've no doubt of it.

MINNIE. And to begin, I'll go directly and put on my new apron, that I will, and make myself as gay as I can, on purpose to meet Ernest—and I'll laugh with him and dance with him as much as I please.

MORITZ. Oh, with all my heart. I give you free leave; you are quite mistaken if you think that will fret me.

MINNIE. Oh! but it will! it will! You see if it doesn't, Louise! Ha, ha, ha! Ugh! (*making faces at him*) Grumps!

*Exit MINNIE, C. and R.*

MORITZ. A wild, mischievous, provoking—but you don't mind her, Louise?

LOUISE. Oh dear no. I'm very fond of Minnie—a good-tempered merry girl, always happy, always laughing—I sometimes envy her good spirits, that's all.

MORITZ. She'll lose a good deal of them when she's married; she won't laugh half as much when she's my wife, I dare say; and that'll be soon now—as soon as possible—perhaps to-morrow.

LOUISE. To-morrow?

MORITZ. Why not? the sooner the better. If your brother comes to-day he shall be bridesman; that is, if he's not too proud, now he has made his fortune.

LOUISE. Made his fortune?

MORITZ. Eh! so, so; I don't know that I should have told you that! perhaps I ought to have left it to him; but there, you know it now, and so it can't be helped. Yes, he's made a good lump of money, he says. His uncle, who sent for him out, died, as you know, just after he got there, and when they came to wind up his affairs, Ernest found the balance was all the wrong way, and instead of coming in for something handsome, there he was, poor fellow, left without a dollar to bring him home again. Well, what does he do? Instead of sitting down in the dumps, or hanging himself, as some fools would have done, he goes to work like a man, and after twelve years' hard struggle, comes back to enjoy his honestly-earned fortune in his native land, beside his dear sister and his old friend, Hans Moritz. There, you may read his letter, in which he tells me all the particulars, and ~~he~~ *(taking out a letter and opening it, sees an enclosure)* Why, was there ever such a blockhead? I declare I quite forgot there was one for yourself enclosed in mine. I dare say you'll find the same story there.

LOUISE. Oh, give it me! give me both of them—but I'll read my own first *(opens it hastily)* "My darling sister,"—my dear, dear Ernest! *(kissing the letter)*

MORITZ. That giddy Minnie puts everything out of my head with her nonsense. I shall be confoundedly angry if she talks such stuff to Ernest.

LOUISE. *(who has been reading her letter)* Oh, heavens!

MORITZ. What's the matter, Louise? for mercy's sake!

LOUISE. Nothing, nothing indeed, of consequence.

MORITZ. Oh, but I'm sure there is, because you look quite ill and you're all in a tremble.

*Enter MINNIE, hastily, from r. c.; LOUISE goes off hurriedly, r.*

MINNIE. (c.) Here I am again, new apron and all——

MORITZ. Burn your new apron! what d'ye come worrying here for?

MINNIE. To see Meinherr Ernest of course. Is he come?

MORITZ. (r. c.) No!

MINNIE. Oh! What a pig you are, this morning, Hans! you seem bent upon quarreling with me.

MORITZ. No, nonsense; I don't want to quarrel with anybody.

MINNIE. Well, then, come here and smile directly.

MORITZ. Poo—poo.

MINNIE. Smile! I insist upon it.

MORITZ. Well, there then.

MINNIE. Humph!—you call that a smile, do you? I mean to make you smile better than that. Harkye, I've got such a capital idea: we'll have such a joke with Ernest, I mean to play him a trick.

MORITZ. A trick! I won't have any tricks played him; now mind that, Minnie, and it's your duty to obey me.

MINNIE. Not yet; I'm not your wife, yet, you know—and you don't seem in a great hurry to make me so.

MORITZ. What d'ye mean, Minnie—Isn't it all settled that we are to be married?



MINNIE. Are to be married! yes, forsooth, and so it has been these eighteen months, if you call that settling. I'll be hanged if I don't begin to think you are making a fool of me, Hans.

MORITZ. Minnie! you shouldn't say that, you have no right to say it. I am an honest man, Minnie, and would scorn so base an action.

MINNIE. Well, there, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but really you are so altered lately; you used to be so civil and attentive, and call me "dear cousin Minnie," and laugh at my pranks; and when you one day, all of a sudden, asked me if I would have you for a husband—though I had never thought of such a thing before—I said "yes," directly, not to keep you waiting, as you seemed in a hurry at the time, and I made sure we should have been married next morning at furthest—but, Lord ha' mercy! here we are still, just in the same position.

MORITZ. Well, it's not my fault.

MINNIE. Then whose is it? I'm sure it's not mine.

MORITZ. I don't say it is, but circumstances, and accidents, and one thing and the other—but now Ernest is coming home, and we'll fix the day directly.

MINNIE. Directly?

MORITZ. We will indeed, Minnie; and look, to prove to you that I am serious, here is a ring I bought last week. (*produces one*)

MINNIE. A ring! Oh, let me see it—a true lover's knot, I declare! Well, that does look like something; and why didn't you show it me before?

MORITZ. Because—because the jeweller has not put your name in it.

MINNIE. (*examining it*) There is some name.

MORITZ. Yes, mine; give it me back, and I'll have the other added.

MINNIE. No, no, you'll forget it. I'll take it to him myself, and make him do it directly.

MORITZ. Just as you like. (*calling*) Louise! I'm going to walk along the high road, to see if I can meet Ernest; do you girls get something ready for him to eat when he arrives, travellers are always hungry.

MINNIE. Aye, aye, go along; Louise and I will manage, I warrant you. (*pushes him out C. and L.*)

LOUISE *re-enters, R. D., and thoughtfully advances.*

LOUISE. I am here, Moritz.

MINNIE. He's gone to meet your brother, and I am glad to get rid of him; he's a downright bear to-day.

LOUISE. But he loves you sincerely, notwithstanding.

MINNIE. Humph! I don't know—he says so—perhaps he does; but he has a very odd way of showing it lately.

LOUISE. And you love him, Minnie?

MINNIE. Oh, well enough, if he behaves himself; but, if not, I won't answer for it that I mayn't love somebody else better; so let him take care; I shall give him fair warning. I can't think what's come to the man. And you, too, you seem so melancholy; one would think you were not best pleased at your brother's return.

LOUISE. Oh, Minnie! how can you say so? On the contrary, I—

MINNIE. Well; it would certainly be very odd if you were not. A nice handsome brother from abroad, who will bring you some presents, no doubt. You must find something to give him in return, mustn't you? Oh, to be sure, there's your picture that you were going to send him.

LOUISE. Yes; I must hasten the jeweller who has got it to frame.

MINNIE. I'm going to him about this ring that Moritz has given me, and I'll tell him you must have the picture home to-day.

LOUISE. A ring!—that Moritz has given you!

MINNIE. Yes; with a true lover's knot; and it's to have our names engraved inside. What is the matter with you, Louise? are you ill? or has something happened to vex you? I insist upon your telling me.

LOUISE. Perhaps it is very <sup>silly</sup> of me; but I confess I am much annoyed at something in my brother's letter.

MINNIE. Ah! what does he say, then? May I know, or is it a secret?

LOUISE. It cannot be a secret long; and therefore—read, there's the letter. (*giving it*) Begin there. (*pointing*)

MINNIE. (*reading*) "And now, my dearest sister, two words on another subject, and one very near my heart. It is time you should be established in life, and I have made the acquaintance of a worthy young man, whom I am most anxious to see your husband—I shall bring him with me." How! a husband! that is a present indeed. Well, my dear, a worthy young man, and a friend of your brother's, what is there to vex you in that?

LOUISE. Would you have me marry a man I do not love?

MINNIE. If you haven't seen him, how can you tell that you will not love him?

LOUISE. But—but suppose I love one already; fondly; devotedly!

MINNIE. Ah! that's another case; and you do?

LOUISE. Oh, yes! but do not betray me, Minnie; it is a secret I have confided to you alone.

MINNIE. I betray you! not for the world? but who is it—do I know him?

LOUISE. Do not ask me any more questions, dear Minnie, but serve me; you can greatly.

MINNIE. With pleasure; what shall I do?

LOUISE. See my brother alone, tell him that I have requested you to break this matter to him—that it is impossible for me to comply with his wish—that I cannot marry this stranger—that I cannot love him—

MINNIE. And that you love another?

LOUISE. No, no, not that; he would insist upon my naming him, and that I can do to no one—no one shall ever know.

MINNIE. He is some great personage, then—some man of fortune or family?

LOUISE. Pray do not ask me—not even to you.

MINNIE. But why not speak to your brother yourself.

LOUISE. I dare not.



MINNIE. Or ask Moritz—

LOUISE. No, no, not Moritz, nobody but you—you are so clever. have so much quickness and prudence, you will be sure to succeed. I will not see my brother till you have spoken with him.

MINNIE. Not see him! but that will be very strange; how can you avoid it?

LOUISE. I'll look myself in my own room.

MINNIE. A capital plan, certainly, as if he wouldn't know you were there and make you come out, no, no, run across the field to old aunt Dorothy's, and I'll give a hint to Moritz; and we'll find some excuse, tell your brother you were obliged to—Bless me, it's very awkward, I shall have to tell a whole heap of stories, and I never told more than one at a time in my life. No matter! I'll do my best—anything to serve you. I'd marry the strange young man myself sooner than see you miserable. O, la! no, I can't do that, because there's Moritz; never mind, I'll do something. Ah, capital, I'd quite forgot my own idea too, the trick I was bent upon playing. The very thing; run along, Louise, before any one comes. and stay at aunt Dorothy's until I come to you.

LOUISE. But what trick?

MINNIE. Nay, don't ask me any more questions now, I'll manage everything.

MORITZ. (*speaking without*) There you are at last, my dear Ernest.

MINNIE. Run, run, they are here.

LOUISE. Oh, if I could have but one look at my brother.

MINNIE. You shall have plenty by-and-bye. If he sees you now, it's all over.

*Exit LOUISE, L. D.*

Ah, but I don't think I shall have courage now, let me see what he's like first. (*retires*)

*Enter MORITZ and ERNEST, C. from L.*

ERNEST. My dear Moritz, how glad I am to shake you by the hand again.

MORITZ. And I—and I. I've been on the road to meet you, how could we miss?

ERNEST. I left my luggage to come by the Diligence, and walked over the hills to Neustadt, where I expected to find a person who was to have accompanied me hither. But where is my sister?

MORITZ. Oh, not far off—getting the dinner ready for you, I'll be bound. Louise! I'll run and fetch her: I say, you'll be surprised, you can't guess what she's like.

ERNEST. Nonsense, I should know her instantly.

MORITZ. No, you wouldn't; she isn't a morsel like the poor little pale thing you left behind you.

ERNEST. Well, well—let me judge for myself.

MORITZ. Oh, you shall directly. Louise! Louise!

*Exit MORITZ, R. D.*

MINNIE. (*advancing L., and aside*) Now's the time. He's a very good-looking fellow. I'll risk it; it is but a joke if it fails.

ERNEST. Hah! a young woman; can that be—Louise?

MINNIE. Ernest!

ERNEST. 'Tis she! 'tis my sister! My dear, dear Louise! (*running to her and embracing her*)

MINNIE. (*aside*) He's a very nice young man; and didn't wait for me to tell him a story.

ERNEST. My dearest sister! embrace me again.

MINNIE. With all my heart. (*aside*) I never saw such a nice young man.

ERNEST. Are you as delighted to see me as I am to see you?

MINNIE. That I am.

ERNEST. Dear Louise! Moritz was right so far: you are not the sort of girl I expected to see; you are much darker and stouter than you promised to be as a child; and yet, I knew you instantly.

MINNIE. How curious.

ERNEST. Should you have known me again?

MINNIE. Not in the least; it seems as if I had never seen you before.

ERNEST. Ah! you were so young! and I have gone through so much since then. Climate, travel, and anxiety, all combine to change me sadly.

MINNIE. Nay; I am sure you are not changed—sadly.

ERNEST. Another kiss, then!

MINNIE. Oh, as many as ever you like!

*Re-enter MORITZ, R.*

MORITZ. It's very strange: I can't find Louise anywhere.

ERNEST. Not at all; you didn't look for her in the right place you see; I have found her.

MORITZ. Eh! (*staring*)

MINNIE. Yes, Moritz, he has found me—(*making signs to him*) and, only think, he knew me first; the moment he set eyes on me?

MORITZ. The deuce he did! that's capital! I told you so.

ERNEST. On the contrary, you said quite the reverse; you swore I should not recognize her; but I said "Louise" before she said "Ernest."

MORITZ. Oh, stuff and nonsense! but I'm not going to—

MINNIE. (*going over to him*) But I tell you he did, Moritz. (*aside, and quickly*) Hold your tongue; it's to serve Louise.

MORITZ. (*aside*) Eh! serve Louise! are you sure?

MINNIE. Yes, it's her wish; only for an hour or so.

MORITZ. Oh! well, in that case, if it's her wish—it is a good joke, too. Ha, ha! (*laughing*) and you really said "Louise" before she said "Ernest?"

ERNEST. I did; I felt certain—and yet, I admit I had formed a very different notion.

MORITZ. I believe you; she's no more like—

ERNEST. Oh, mind, I'm perfectly satisfied; nay more, I'm enchanted with her appearance; only, I expected to see her more like her mother.

MINNIE. People who recollect him say I'm the image of my father.



MORITZ. (*aside*) The impudent hussey;

ERNEST. There is a look, certainly.

MORITZ. You see it, do you; that's excellent.

ERNEST. But he was far from handsome.

MINNIE. Eh!

ERNEST. Whilst you are lovely——

MINNIE. What a charming brother! isn't he, Moritz?

MORITZ. Oh, pooh! pooh! if he says that to you, what'll he say to——

MINNIE. Hold your tongue and don't be rude, sir.

ERNEST. And have you often thought of me whilst I was away?

MINNIE. Oh, every hour; every moment.

MORITZ. (*aside*) The barefaced creature! she makes me blush.

MINNIE. Why didn't you come back sooner?

ERNEST. You would not have had me leave just as affairs were taking a favourable turn, and I was certain of making money.

MINNIE. Making money; then you are rich? Moritz, he's rich!

MORITZ. Well, well, I know.

ERNEST. At any rate, I have enough for both of us, Louise; you shall share with me every dollar.

MINNIE. What a darling brother! isn't he, Moritz?

MORITZ. (*aside*) She's mercenary! downright mercenary! I'm disgusted with her.

MINNIE. But, why didn't you send us some money before, or at least tell us you were making it.

MORITZ. Oh, oh, Ernest! I beg you won't think—I can't permit——

ERNEST. My dear friend, let her talk; her simplicity delights me.

MORITZ. (*aside*) Simplicity! oh, lord! the deepest little devil——

ERNEST. Look you, Louise: Fortune is a very fickle mistress—a gale of wind—a dishonest agent; the least accident, and ruin stares you in the face. I waited till I had realized—nay, till I had actually landed on my native shore, in order not to waken hopes that might have been suddenly extinguished. Besides: had I held out expectations to you, a young girl situated as you were in this humble village, educated just sufficiently for——

MINNIE. Just sufficiently—very sufficiently. Oh, I promise you, Moritz has spared no expense in your sister's education.

MORITZ. What nonsense. Ernest, I assure you——

ERNEST. Let her speak, man; I tell you I like to hear her. What have you been taught, then?

MINNIE. Oh, not only reading, and writing, and grammar, and all that: but drawing——

ERNEST. Drawing? indeed!

MINNIE. Here, look here——(*showing Louise's drawing*)

ERNEST. Upon my word, very nicely touched.

MINNIE. Isn't it? I flatter myself—and music and singing——

ERNEST. Bravo! Why, my dear Moritz——

MORITZ. She'll drive me crazy! If it wasn't for Louise——

ERNEST. Music and singing! Oh, I must have a song directly.

MINNIE. Eh! from me?

ERNEST. Yes, of course; I doat on singing, and am dying to hear you.

MINNIE. Oh, very well, if you like.

MORITZ. (*aside*) Mercy on me! what will she sing to him?

MINNIE. (*to MORITZ*) Shall I sing "Du du?"

MORITZ. No, don't, don't.

MINNIE. Well then, "The Vixen."

MORITZ. Of course—I don't think she knows another.

Song, MINNIE.

(*Printed by the kind permission of Mr. C. Mathews, the Author.*)

You may tease me, you may tease me.

But I'll have my own way still—

Yes, that I will;

You must bear me if you'd wear me,

For I'll yield to no man's rule.

No, I'll not be such a fool;

I'll give you tit for tat.

And so I tell you flat;

I've a hand that can smite,

I've a tooth that can bite,

But a smile for the man who'll please me,

I've a heart for one, a head for fun,

And a tongue that loves to run.

You may tease me, you may tease me,

But I'll have my own way still—

Yes, that I will.

If I can't be a wife all the days of my life,

At any rate I'll rule while I'm young.

Tic-et-tie-et-tac, so like the mill clack!

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, shall run my tongue.

You may please me, you may please me,

If you'll let me have my say—

Yes, that's the way.

You must hear me and must fear me,

Love, honour, and obey—

That's the phrase you'll have to say.

Instead of me, d'ye see?

If ever married we be,

I must always be heard,

I must have the last word,

And peruse every whim that may seize me.

While you submit, nor growl a bit,

But do as I think fit;

You will please me, you will please me,

If you'll let me have my say—

Yes; that's the way.

Thus you'll get a good wife, for the rest of your life;

With a heart that is honest and true.

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, so like the mill clack!

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, 'twill beat for you.



ERNEST. Merry little rogue! Why Moritz, you don't seem pleased with her, and I declare I'm quite bewitched.

MORITZ. Don't you be in a hurry, you don't know Louise yet.

ERNEST. I know enough to be delighted with her; her appearance, her gaiety, her simplicity, her affection, are all I could desire.

MORITZ. (*aside*) Oh, but this won't do. I can't suffer this; he'll like her better than Louise—I must find out where she is. (*aloud*) Come, Ernest, you must be hungry; I told Louise to get something ready for you to eat.

MINNIE. Oh, lud! and I never thought any more about it.

MORITZ. Now was there ever!—and what on earth have you been about then, all the while?

MINNIE. Oh I don't know—drawing.

MORITZ. Drawing! (*aside*) *She!*—drawing! Well of all the impudent fibs! Why she knows as much about drawing as a cow! (*aloud*) I'm quite ashamed of you!

ERNEST. Come, come, Moritz, you shan't scold her, I'll have no scolding to-day; I'm not at all hungry, I made a capital breakfast, and can very well wait. Do you go to the inn, and see if the diligence has arrived with my luggage and that it is safely sent down here. I've a thousand things to talk about with my dear little sister, and shan't be able to spare her for a long time—so go, there's a good fellow.

MINNIE. Yes go, there's a good fellow; you needn't hurry back, I shall be quite happy with my charming brother.

MORITZ. Very well, very well, I'll go. (*aside*) I'll find Louise, if she's above ground, and understand the meaning of all this. I suspect it's only an idle trick of Minnie's after all, and if so I'll never forgive her as long as I live, that I won't.

*Exit c. and l.*

ERNEST. Well, now we're alone, Louise; tell me what think you of my proposition?

MINNIE. Your proposition!

ERNEST. Yes, the one in my letter to you, you received my letter, did you not?

MINNIE. Your letter?—oh, yes. (*aside*) Famous! he begins everything for me himself. (*aloud*) But I thought you said the young man was to come with you.

ERNEST. I expected so; I wrote to him, and begged him to meet me at Neustadt, but he did not make his appearance this morning, and as I was most impatient to see you and my dear friend, Moritz, I hastened on and left word for him to follow me as soon as possible, he must soon be here—I hope you will like him.

MINNIE. Ah! I don't know—I can't promise. There are so many considerations.

ERNEST. Oh, I admit it's a serious matter, but I am most anxious that this union should take place; I am under great obligations to his father, who is a wealthy merchant at Baltimore; I am principally indebted to him for my present position. The son is a good-looking young man, easy tempered—not very bright perhaps—but would,

I feel assured, make you a kind husband, and therefore, my dear Louise—

MINNIE. Oh, I don't know—I tell you I can't promise—I—

ERNEST. You speak as if you *did* know, as if there were some obstacle; is there already some one who—

MINNIE. Some one? oh, for the matter of that, some dozen perhaps.

ERNEST. Aye, aye, of course, a pretty girl like you; but I mean one whom you have distinguished—whom you, in short, love very much.

MINNIE. "Very much!"—very much is a great deal.

ERNEST. Oh, well then, if you don't love anybody else very much, there are hopes—if you are not too particular, too difficult to be pleased.

MINNIE. No, not too difficult.

ERNEST. What sort of a person, now, should you prefer?

MINNIE. Just such a sort of person as you are.

ERNEST. Oh, flatterer! it's because I am your brother.

MINNIE. Not at all; now I've got you, I shall show you as a pattern to all the young men who wish to please me.

ERNEST. Really! Well, I can most truly say that I can return the compliment; so, my dear Louise, if you can find as nice a girl as yourself in the neighbourhood, be she rich or poor I care not, if she can like me I'll marry her.

MINNIE. You will? directly—

ERNEST. Yes, to be sure. When you are married, as I hope you soon will be, what should I remain single for? I shall need an affectionate companion and a good housekeeper; I don't want to be an old bachelor, so find me a wife, Louise, directly if you can, and we'll both be married on the same day.

MINNIE. Directly, directly.

ERNEST. Oh, yes, I hate waiting.

MINNIE. Oh, so do I. (*aside*) And there's Moritz—I do believe he'd wait till doomsday.

ERNEST. But in the meanwhile, promise me, my dear sister—(*taking her by the hand he sees the ring upon her finger*)—Heyday! what's this, a ring!—and a very pretty one too; I say, Louise, who gave you this ring, with a true lover's knot upon it, eh? (*taking it off her finger*)

MINNIE. (*aside*) My gracious! I forgot the ring. If he should guess—

ERNEST. Why, I declare, there's a name in it—"Hans Moritz!" Louise, what does this mean?

MINNIE. Oh, don't be frightened; it's only a ring I promised Moritz to take to the jeweller's; I thought you knew all about it.

ERNEST. All about what?

MINNIE. About his marriage.

ERNEST. His marriage, Moritz! is he married?

MINNIE. Not yet; but he's going to be; he was waiting, he says, for your arrival.

ERNEST. For my arrival—and who is he going to marry?



*Enter MORITZ, c. from R.*

MORITZ. (L., *aside*) I can't find her, high or low.

ERNEST. (C.) So, so; come here if you please. (*taking MORITZ by the arm and leading him forward*) You're a pretty fellow!

MORITZ. Pretty! pooh! stuff! what d'ye mean?

ERNEST. You are going to be married it seems, and you never said a word to me; but for this ring I should have known nothing about it.

MORITZ. That ring—that's my ring, certainly; and she has told you, then?

ERNEST. Of course.

MORITZ. Oh, well, I'm glad of that; for I began to get sick of the joke.

ERNEST. Joke!

MINNIE. (R., *aside*) He'll make some mischief now, he will.

MORITZ. You are not angry, I hope; I can assure you I had no hand in it.

ERNEST. What d'ye mean by a joke; and you'd no hand in it? are you going to be married or not?

MINNIE. Yes, certainly; he *is* going to be married? (*making signs to MORITZ*)

MORITZ. Yes, certainly; I *am* going to be married. (*aside*) What the deuce is she making signs to me *now* about?

ERNEST. And to whom? for that's what I want to know.

MORITZ. To whom—what hasn't she told you that, then?

MINNIE. No: I left that for you to do, of course.

MORITZ. Oh, you left that for me to do; well then, I am to say—

MINNIE. Her name—certainly, if you know it? for the man really looks as if he didn't!

ERNEST. Ha! ha! so he does. Why, Moritz, don't look so foolish about it, man, do you know her name or not?

MINNIE. Yes, do you know her name or not?

MORITZ. Why, of course I do.

MINNIE. Well, then, what is it?

MORITZ. Why you know well enough.

ERNEST. But she wishes you to tell me.

MORITZ. She does? (MINNIE *makes signs to him*) Well then, it's Minnie; there!

ERNEST. "Minnie," and a very pretty name too; and who may Minnie be at present?

MINNIE. Oh, a young woman in this villiage.

MORITZ. Eh! (*aside*) Why then she hasn't told him; I'll be hanged if—

MINNIE. (*crossing to him*) And a very nice young woman, isn't she, Moritz?

MORITZ. Oh, yes, a very nice young woman, upon my word (*aside*) How long do you mean to keep up this folly?

MINNIE. (*aside*) As long as Louise pleases.

MORITZ. (*aside*) Then it is really Louise who—

MINNIE. (*aside*) Hush! (*aloud*) I must run now, Ernest, to the jeweller's.

ERNEST. Not now.

MINNIE. Oh, yes, I must; because I promised Minnie also to get her name put in it directly. I shan't be gone long. (*aside to MORITZ*) I'm going to Louise—not a word for your life!

*Exit MINNIE, C. and R.*

MORITZ. (*aside*) Louise! (*aloud*) Here, stop! I'll go with you.

ERNEST. (*stopping him*) No, no, I can't spare both of you; besides, I want to say something to you particular. I am delighted to hear this news about you, for do you know I began to be a little alarmed.

MORITZ. Alarmed?

ERNEST. When I say alarmed, I don't mean exactly that,—but—I wasn't quite easy, you see. It crossed my mind more than once:—my sister is young, and you are young; she is very handsome, and you are—very good natured; and since your mother's death you have been living together under the same roof; and it might have happened naturally enough, that—

MORITZ. How! Ernest. Is it possible? What do you take me for?

ERNEST. For a very honest fellow, and the best friend I have in the world. But you might have fallen in love with Louise for all that, and she with you—all in honour, mind, but still—

MORITZ. I! I fall in love with Louise! Ernest, I can bear a great deal; but to be accused by you, of even the suspicion—

ERNEST. My good fellow, it would have been no crime to have fallen in love, only unfortunate in as much as—

MORITZ. No crime? It would have been abominable—a downright breach of trust. Good gracious! Louise, my friend's sister, the child I had brought up, for whom I would suffer anything, do anything, lay down my life—and to be told I might have fallen in love with her! Ernest, I can't bear it—you've hurt my feelings deeply.

ERNEST. Why, Moritz, are you crazy? I tell you again and again, I do not suspect you of anything in the slightest degree dishonorable; on the contrary, nothing could have been more agreeable to me under some circumstances, only having promised Louise to somebody else—

MORITZ. Eh! promised Louise—to somebody—what—in marriage?

ERNEST. In marriage, to the son of a great friend of mine. I expect him every moment. Louise acknowledges she doesn't love any one particularly.

MORITZ. She does?

ERNEST. Yes—do you doubt it?

MORITZ. I—no.

ERNEST. Many, no doubt are fond of her.

MORITZ. Not one, that I know of. Oh, if any had dared—

ERNEST. (*smiling*) Bless me, you have been a most redoubtable guardian, indeed then. What, do you mean to say no young villager ever—

MORITZ. (*crossing to R.*) Never. If I had caught one, even



looking at her—By the bye, there was a rascal, a good-for-nothing vagabond—

ERNEST. Indeed !

MORITZ. Oh, not a neighbour, quite a stranger ; an impudent puppy, who sent for me to mend the wheel of his cabriole and came here two or three times, peering and prying about, and at last actually got into conversation with Louise while I was out this morning. Oh, if he hadn't taken himself off as quietly as he did, if I wouldn't with this very hammer, have given him such a—

*Enter FLITTERMAN, C. from L.*

Ha ! here he is again. What the devil do you want now ? get out of my shop, or—

FLIT. (L.) Help ! Murder !

ERNEST. Hold, hold, Moritz ! What are you about ? This is the friend I was speaking of.

MORITZ. (R.) This !

FLIT. Ernest, my dear fellow, I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life. Why, this barbarous wheelwright would have knocked my brains out.

MORITZ. That depends upon circumstances ; I should have broken your head, at all events.

FLIT. You are very kind—and for what reason, pray ?

MORITZ. For sneaking into my house, when I was absent, and talking nonsense to Louise.

FLIT. Nonsense ! I am incapable. And what if I did ? I had a right.

MORITZ. A right !

FLIT. A right. Hadn't I Ernest ? I told the lady I had a reason for it, but she didn't understand me. "How could she?" you'll say ; and I admit, at the time, it was not possible, but now here is my friend Ernest, to vouch for me, and present me in form to my intended.

MORITZ. His intended.

ERNEST. Yes, Moritz, this is the husband I have selected for Louise.

MORITZ. (*aside*) Oh, if I'd had but one thump at him before I knew that.

ERNEST. And so you have been here some time before me, reconnoitering incognito, eh, you sly rogue ? Well, and what do you think of Louise ?

FLIT. Why, I don't exactly know, because I am not positively certain which is Louise.

ERNEST. Which ! what d'ye mean ?

FLIT. I mean there are two.

ERNEST. Two ! why you have been in conversation with her.

FLIT. I have exchanged some words with both, but——

ERNEST. Both ! Is there more than Louise ?

FLIT. I cannot positively assert that, but I have generally seen two very charming specimens of the softer sex in this house

together, and the only time I succeeded in finding one of them alone I was unable to discover her baptismal appellation.

ERNEST. Well, I have only one sister to my knowledge, and here she is.

*Re-enter MINNIE, G. and R.*

MINNIE. (*R., aside*) The strange young man!

FLIT. Bless me! This is Louise, then!

ERNEST. Certainly; who else do you say she is?

FLIT. Oh, I don't dispute your authority for a moment; besides, I know she is one of the two; and if she is your sister Louise, why it is most probable that the other cannot be.

ERNEST. So I should imagine, certainly. Come hither, sister. It seems this gentleman and you have met before; but, as he did not explain the real motive of his visit, of course you could not be aware that he was the person I spoke of in my letter.

MINNIE. He! (*aside*) Oh, but I don't like him at all.

FLIT. Ah, ma'amselle! it is at last permitted me to express, without disguise, the sentiments of admiration with which you have inspired me; allow me, on those sweet lips—

MINNIE. Go away!

FLIT. Go away!

ERNEST. Why, I must say, I think her hand might have sufficed upon a first introduction. Besides, I am not going to force my sister's inclinations—there is time enough before us.

MORITZ. } Oh, plenty, plenty!

MINNIE. }

ERNEST. You will find opportunities, no doubt, of making yourself agreeable; but till then, you cannot expect a young person—it would not be delicate. (*aside*) S'death! I don't know how it is; but I'm rather glad Louise is not taken with him. (*aloud*) Moritz, you talked about something to eat just now; my friend here would perhaps, be glad of some refreshment.

MORITZ. Oh, certainly! if you'll walk in, I'll follow you directly.

FLIT. Ma'amselle, you will at least allow me the pleasure—

MINNIE. Go away. I want to speak to Moritz.

FLIT. Go away! it's very remarkable that she always tells me to go away.

ERNEST. But you hear she wants to speak to Moritz. Come in, they'll both follow us.

MORITZ. Yes, yes, directly! I want to speak to—

*Exeunt ERNEST with FLITTERMAN, R. D.*

—to Minnie.

MINNIE. I shall speak first.

MORITZ. No! except to tell me where Louise is? I'll bear it no longer.

MINNIE. She's not far off—let that satisfy you.

MORITZ. But it won't satisfy me. I wish she was a hundred leagues off—five hundred leagues—anywhere, sooner than she should run the chance of marrying that puppy, that fool, that monkey-faced coxcomb!



MINNIE. Well, well, be quiet; I hate the fellow as much as you do; but, for that very reason, I must fetch Louise back; Ernest will otherwise expect me to marry the puppy.

MORITZ. You! well, but stop a bit, that's a different affair, because—

MINNIE. Oh, I know he can't make me, because I'm not his sister; and besides, I'm engaged to you.

MORITZ. Yes, but that's what I was coming to: I was going to say that the gentleman seemed to be a good match; his father is a rich merchant; and if he has really taken a fancy to you, why, I'm sure, Minnie, I'm too much your friend to stand in the way.

MINNIE. I'm much obliged to you, upon my word; why, I tell you, I hate the man.

MORITZ. Hate's a strong expression, Minnie. I really don't see why you should hate him. He's rather agreeable, and not ill-looking.

MINNIE. Why, only this moment you called him a fool and a monkey-faced coxcomb!

MORITZ. Ah! that was because—I was merely speaking—by comparison—but—if the poor young fellow doats upon you—

MINNIE. Doats on me! why, Moritz, you're as great a fool as he is to talk such nonsense. If you don't want to marry me leave it alone; but I'm not going to be tossed like an apple into anybody's hands you please, sir.

MORITZ. Nay, Minnie, I'm sure I didn't mean—

MINNIE. Oh, don't speak to me, I'm in a downright passion, and I won't bear it any longer for anybody. Here's Ernest with his folly, asking me to find him a wife, that he may marry directly—to-morrow—to-day if she likes. It's too bad.

MORITZ. Too bad! What's there too bad in that, if he chooses—

MINNIE. It doesn't signify; he has no business to ask me to find him a wife. I'm not his sister, and I won't do it. I'll fetch Louise directly, and she may find him a wife if she likes.

MORITZ. No, Minnie! don't bring her here—pray don't, just now; only tell me where she is, that I may go and—

MINNIE. I shall do no such thing, I'll go myself. In five minutes I'll have her here, and tell Mr. Ernest,—“There's your sister, sir—I never was your sister, and I never will be your sister, as long as I live—that I won't!”

MORITZ. Minnie, I forbid you; as your future husband, I forbid you to stir a step.

MINNIE. As your future wife, I shall do just as I like.

*Exit, L.*

MORITZ. Minnie! Oh, confound it! she'll bring her back to oblige Ernest. Louise will marry this ninnyhammer, I know she will. Oh, if I could but hit upon some plan, wouldn't I put a famous spoke in his wheel this time?

*Enter ERNEST, R.*

ERNEST. Moritz, what the deuce are you about there, by yourself, too? you said you would follow us.

MORITZ. (*going the other way*) Yes, I'm coming.

ERNEST. You call that coming!

MORITZ. No, I was just going to—that is—where's your friend?

ERNEST. Flitterman! he's walking in the garden. Are you going to give us any dinner or not?

MORITZ. Why, certainly.

ERNEST. And where's Louise?

MORITZ. Louise! Oh, she's just run out to fetch something. (*aside*) Oh, capital! I've got such an idea!

ERNEST. She doesn't seem to fancy my friend Flitterman. Has she said anything to you about it?

MORITZ. She can't bear him.

ERNEST. Indeed!

MORITZ. You don't seem to be much disappointed.

ERNEST. Don't I? Oh, but I am! It's so awkward, when one's word is engaged. You are quite sure she dislikes him?

MORITZ. Detests him; so much, that what do you think she is going to do?

ERNEST. What, for mercy's sake? Nothing desperate, I hope.

MORITZ. No, only a trick to get rid of him.

ERNEST. A trick!

MORITZ. Don't you betray me if I tell you.

ERNEST. Certainly not.

MORITZ. Well, then; she's gone to fetch a young girl, a friend of hers, and one she can make do anything, and means to tell you that you have been deceived, that this young person is really your sister, and that she only passed herself upon you for fun.

ERNEST. For fun! jest with my feelings at such a moment! Impossible!

MORITZ. It's a fact; I tried all I could to dissuade her, but she ran off determined to do it.

ERNEST. She will never dare—with you on the spot for me to appeal to, and who are bound in honour to tell me the truth and unmask the imposture.

MORITZ. Oh, she'll dare anything! there never was such a little devil, when she's made up her mind to do anything. Here they come; you needn't say I told you.

ERNEST. Oh, I could never have suspected Louise of such duplicity!

MORITZ. (*aside*) I think I've turned the tables on Ma'amselle Minnie now.

*Enter MINNIE with LOUISE, L.*

MINNIE. (*aside to her as they enter*) Come along; don't hang back; there's nothing to fear. He won't insist on your marrying the man if you don't like him.

LOUISE. Are you sure of that?

MINNIE. Yes, yes, he said as much. Come along.

MINNIE. (*to ERNEST*) Don't be angry, if you please: but here's a young person whom you ought to be very fond of. I think if you look at her and then at me, you'll acknowledge——



ERNEST. That I have been deceived! Yes! I know it full well; but not as you would pretend. I have been deceived in you, Louise, because I did not imagine you capable of such conduct. Nay, attempt not to deny it, I know all. I know you were about to tell me this was my sister, and that you had merely assumed her character in jest.

LOUISE. (*to MINNIE*) What does he mean?

MINNIE. (*aside*) This is Master Moritz! but I'll pay him off yet.

MORITZ. (*aside*) She's dumbfounded!

ERNEST. It is a most unpardonable proceeding, and I know not which is most afflicting to me, your trifling with my feelings, your want of confidence in my affection, or the unblushing coolness with which you stand there, detected in your falsehood. Your friend, I am happy to see, is not so practised in dissimulation. She, poor thing, evidently feels the disgrace of her position; but I forgive her freely. She has been misled, and——

MINNIE. My dear Ernest, forgive me for stopping you, but I really don't understand what on earth you are talking about, and don't believe you are much wiser yourself. What absurd story has some silly goose, or some malicious busybody, been trumping up to make mischief between us, just at the moment too when I was thinking of nothing but your happiness and comfort!

ERNEST. How?

MORITZ. (*aside*) What is she at now?

MINNIE. Didn't it strike you directly, why I should introduce a pretty young friend to you, and tell you you ought to be very fond of her? Didn't you give me a commission to find one that you could be fond of——

ERNEST. I!

MINNIE. Why you can't have forgotten it, surely! Your words to me were "If you can find as nice a girl as yourself in this neighbourhood, rich or poor, I care not, if she can like me, I'll marry her! Here she is; here's the very person for you; she'll make you the best wife in the world!"

MORITZ. Wife!

LOUISE. (*aside to her*) What are you saying?

MINNIE. (*aside*) Let me alone.

ERNEST. Why, Moritz! what could have put such a notion in your head? you see Louise never thought of deceiving me.

MORITZ. Didn't she! (*aside*) I could smother her; but let her go on—let her go on—she's making a fine rod for her own back. When he comes to know the truth, as he shall do in five minutes——

ERNEST. My dear Louise, I am quite ashamed of my folly; what is the name, pray, of your charming friend?

MORITZ. (*aside*) Ah, what's her name? I should like to know her name.

MINNIE. Minnie.

ERNEST. } Minnie!

MORITZ. }

MINNIE. Minnie. Where's the wonder? Moritz knows her very well, don't you, Moritz?



MORITZ. Know her—yes, I do! and—(*aside*) Oh! if it wasn't for Louise herself——

ERNEST. To be sure: for if I recollect rightly, you told me that he was going to be married to that very Minnie!—and he acknowledged it—and I saw the ring that—What is the meaning of this?

✓ MINNIE. Why, that Moritz has behaved very ill; that in fact he doesn't care about Minnie. Let him deny, if he can, that he actually advised Minnie to marry somebody else; and said he wouldn't stand in her way. Didn't you, Moritz?

MORITZ. (*aside*) She'll drive me mad!

ERNEST. Oh, Moritz!

LOUISE. (*to MINNIE*) Is that true?

✓ MINNIE. (*aside*) It is! he can't deny it.

ERNEST. Well: but Minnie herself——

✓ MINNIE. Oh, she has too much spirit to be treated in that way, after taking compassion—actually taking compassion on the man.

ERNEST. Then she was not in love with him!

✓ MINNIE. In love with him! oh, lud! in love! oh, oh! what a man to be in love with!

LOUISE. (*aside to her*) Minnie!

ERNEST. Louise, Louise! remember, he has been a kind friend to you.

MORITZ. Oh, let her go on—let her go on; I deserve it—I deserve it; but, that Louise, herself, should——

LOUISE. (*aside*) I cannot bear this. (*MINNIE crosses to LOUISE*) I entreat you, undeceive my brother; or, at all risks——

*Enter FLITTERMAN, C. from L.*

FLIT. (C.) Ernest, Ernest! my good friend! such an adventure—I—I declare—I'm quite out of breath——

ERNEST. (L. C.) What has happened? Explain!

FLIT. Explain! it's for you to explain some of you; I'm more puzzled than ever. You see, I got tired of walking up and down the garden, so I walked out of it into the village, and just strolling round the houses, I came upon a smart little shop, with a parcel of pretty trinkets in the window; so I went in to buy some trifle or another, and talking to the man I mentioned by accident your name and that of your sister. "Ma'amselle Louise," says he, "a most charming and accomplished young lady; I've been framing her picture, drawn by herself, as a present for her brother."

ALL. (*in different tones*) Ha!

FLIT. And with that he pops it into my hand. I cast my eyes upon it, and what d'ye think!—it's somebody else!

ERNEST. Somebody else! A mistake of the framer's, then.

FLIT. Not at all, I knew it directly—it's the other.

ERNEST. The other! what other?

FLIT. Why, I told you there were two, and there—there—they are now—(*turning round and seeing LOUISE and MINNIE*) and there's the portrait, I brought it with me, judge for yourself.

ERNEST. (*looking at the miniature*) There can be no doubt. This is Minnie, or else—Louise, what does this mean?

MINNIE. (*aside*) 'The game's over; I wonder who's won!

ERNEST. Louise, I say—she doesn't speak; Moritz, Minnie—all dumb! No, no! your silence speaks too plainly—I have been deceived cruelly; you have all been in a plot to mystify—to torment me. Enough! I am sorry I returned amongst you; but it is not too late—Flitterman, come with me.

LOUISE. (*rushing forward*) Brother, brother, stay, I conjure you!

ERNEST. Brother! It is so, then—you are Louise?

LOUISE. I am, I am! Forgive Minnie and Moritz; it was all my fault, my folly.

ERNEST. But the motive—what object could you have?

LOUISE. None, none.

MINNIE. I'll tell you.

LOUISE. Minnie, I implore you.

MINNIE. Oh, I must; I must indeed. The truth is, she did not want to marry that gentleman.

FLIT. (L.) How very strange! and wherefore?

MINNIE. Because she loved somebody else.

MORITZ. Loved somebody else!

ERNEST. And who is he?

MINNIE. Ah, that she must tell you herself, for I don't know; she wouldn't trust me.

MORITZ. Love's somebody else! who can it be?

ERNEST. Come, Louise, my dear sister, I am not angry with you; tell me—(*crosses to her*) confide in your brother; be assured your happiness is his first consideration.

MORITZ. And me, Louise, you have always trusted me before, why should you have kept this secret from me? If you had only said—"Moritz, I love somebody else"—

LOUISE. But I should not have said so—to you.

MORITZ. Eh!

ERNEST. (C.) What, is it Moritz, then, after all?

MINNIE. Moritz!

MORITZ. Me! no, impossible! *M*adame Louise, you don't mean it! Ernest, I wish I may die if I ever said such a word to her; on the contrary, I did everything I could to—to—

MINNIE. To deceive both of us, you wretch! To make believe that you didn't love her and that you did love me! Was there ever such an impostor?

FLIT. (L.) I blush for my sex!

ERNEST. Come, come; I feel that I alone am to blame. Foreseeing, as I did, the probability of such a case, I should have delayed till my arrival the promise of my sister's hand. You love her, Moritz; I see you do.

MORITZ. I can't help it—I couldn't help it! I tried everything—

MINNIE. Yes, and would have married me!

MORITZ. Oh, how I must have loved her to have done that!

MINNIE. (*crosses to him*) Why, you brute!

ERNEST. Nay, Minnie; I can understand his feelings, and they do him honour. I am sure he would still make a kind and faithful husband to you, if you hold him to his engagement.



MINNIE. Not I! There's somebody else I like better myself.

ERNEST. Whoever is your choice, I am bound to make you some amends; as my sister has deprived you of one husband, I will give you a handsome portion to another, and if my friend here, who has so warmly expressed his admiration of you—

MINNIE. He? No! (to FLITTERMAN) Go away.

ERNEST. Indeed! but that I fear I might again deceive myself, I would venture to hope that the offer of my own hand might in some measure compensate—

MINNIE. To be sure it would; if you're not like Moritz, and marry me because you love somebody else.

ERNEST. No, no; I'll love you, and none but you, my pretty, pretty Minnie; and so, please Cupid, we'll all four be married together.

MINNIE. (c.) Directly.

ERNEST. (l. c.) To-morrow.

MORITZ. (r.) Hurrah! so we will!

FLIT. (l.) All four—then I—

MORITZ. You!—you're like a fifth wheel to a coach, not wanted.

FLIT. But I want a wife.

MINNIE. Go away, then, and get SOMEBODY ELSE.

Finale.—MINNIE.

Do we please you, do we please you?

If so, there's one thing plain:

You'll come again.

Have we power,

For an hour,

To drive dull care away?

Why, then, some other day,

Without any fuss.

You'll come and visit us; thus,

Be assured I won't say

To you "Go away,"

For a welcome my heart decrees you.

And pray now do,

With each of you,

Bring somebody else here too.

Do we please you, do we please you?

If so, there's one thing plain:

You'll come again.

And if you intend

Our new piece to befriend,

It is thus your good will you must show—

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, just like the mill clack,

Tic-et-tic-et-tac, your hands must go.

Curtain.

#### ERRATA.

Page 4.—21th line, instead of "sure a finding," *read* sure of finding.

—10.—15th line, instead of "very sly of me," *read* very silly of me.

—12.—20th line, for "all combine," *read* for all combined.

—19.—5th line, instead of "cabriole," *read* cabriolet.



